Iron County Register.

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, : : MISSOURI.

A CONFIRMED BACHELOR

How the Scoffer was Trebly Rewarded.

EDMOND de Verneuil had thrown himself into an easy-chair with his chibouk, and through the wreaths of smoke ascending from the fragrant weed sat staring in astonishment at his friend, Louis Duvivier. Neither of the men had spoken for some moments; at last De Verneuil said, with a withering look of pity:

"And so you have really determined to throw yourself into the matrimonial sea. Poor, unfortunate man! I had hoped better things for you."

"Thanks," replied Devivier, sharply, "your compliment at least possesses the merit of not being banal. I announce to you my approaching marriage with a charming girl, whom I adore, and you have nothing to offer but lamentations."

"My friend," said De Verneuil, placing his pipe on the inlaid tabouret beside him, "I never play the hypocrite: it is a part I have always eschewed, and upon such a sorrowful announcement I can only offer my most sincere condolence."

Duvivier looked somewhat annoyed as he listened, but the shadow of impatience soon passed away, and he described in glowing terms the beauty of his young fiancee, Mlle. Helene Deschamps.

"So much the worse," said the crusty bachelor. "Your case, which at first seemed only dangerous, is now incurable, and your happiness, which appeared probable, is now no longer possible. To have a pretty wife, sir, is to be devoured by jealousy."

"Mlle. Deschamps is wealthy and possesses a fortune in her own right," calmly observed Duvivier, without commenting on his friend's remarks.

"Then with her luxurious and expensive tastes she will simply ruin you, my dear fellow," retorted De Verneuil.

But Louis Duvivier did not intend to be disturbed by Edmond de Verneuil's bitter comments, and followed the announcement of his fiancee's wealth by declaring that her mamma was charming.

"Then you will have that bete noire, a mother-in-law," growled De Verneuil. "Your ruin is complete, old fellow, and I haven't the slightest hope for you."

Duvivier laughed good-naturedly, and assured De Verneuil that, notwithstanding his paradoxes, he expected him to be present at the wedding and to act as groomsman. "You are my oldest and best friend, Edmond," said he, coaxingly, "and for these reasons you ought not to refuse my request."

"And precisely for these reasons I must decline," tartly responded De Verneuil, "for I should feel as though I were assisting at your electrocution."

"Then if you will not consent to act as best man," said Duvivier, with genuine disappointment, "promise at least to be present at the wedding."

"Well, perhaps—but do not count on my coming."

"Decidedly," exclaimed Duvivier, a little vexed, "you are still an antagonist to matrimony."

"Irrevocably," was the laconic answer of De Verneuil.

"Then you never intend to marry?" asked Duvivier.

"I should prefer to send a bullet through my brain," promptly answered De Verneuil. "Expeditious means are preferable to slow ones," he added emphatically.

"Then you propose to remain always in solitary bliss?" said Duvivier, laughingly.

"Pardon me," said De Verneuil, stopping to fill his pipe, "you should say in independent bliss. From a wife, children and family may heaven preserve me! For a wife," he continued, waxing eloquent, "means loss of liberty and the obligation of following her caprices instead of your own—you must go out when you desire to remain in, and remain in when you wish to go out; at table you must eat madame's dishes instead of those you prefer yourself; listen with an interested air to a lot of insipid gossip, plentifully sprinkled with the latest hints in the fashions of bonnets and hats, and meekly receive reproaches, recriminations, and jealous suspicions. And children! Why my dear Louis, the very sight of an infant brings on an attack of indigestion. And when they grow up, if they are boys, they devour your money by getting into all kinds of scrapes—and if they are girls, they must be dowered before they can be gotten rid of. So, with Cyrano, I say, 'No, thank you!' And then that other delightful appendage of matrimony—a mother-in-law! Why the very thought of her makes me shudder! Now you have in a nutshell, my dear boy, the wise reasons which prevent me from committing the folly of matrimony," and with a deliciously self-satisfied air the sage, crusty bachelor sank into the hollow of his easy-chair, and puffing away at his pipe waited to hear what his friend had to say.

But Duvivier remained silent, and the cheerful expression on his face clearly indicated that the sorrowful picture of matrimony painted by De Verneuil had failed to impress him. The latter noted the failure of his words, and determined to make one more effort. Rising from his chair he stationed himself before the mantle-piece, and half confidentially, half affectionately, begged Duvivier to save himself while there was yet time.

"Brother," said he, "the other day, while crossing the Pont-Royal, I saw a man on the point of throwing himself into the Seine, when a policeman seized him by the lapel of his coat and pulled him back. I would do the same for you, Edmond," pleaded De Verneuil, earnestly, "pull you back, while there is yet time, from the troubled waters of matrimony."

But Duvivier only shook his head in answer, as he announced gayly his coming marriage to Mlle. Helene Deschamps on the seventeenth of May.

"Helene—a name of ill-omen!" growled De Verneuil, with disgust. "Well, then, if you insist—go to the devil—or the hymeneal altar, which is one and the same thing."

Edmond de Verneuil was fast galloping out of his thirties, and the principles which he had just laid down were those which had governed his entire life, and kept him a bachelor in spite of the tempting opportunities which had come in his way, and which he had repulsed with horror. A few years back he had been considered one of the handsomest men in Paris, and even to-day his refined air and well-groomed person made him a marked figure in his drives through the Bois, which he took with clock-like precision. Rich, clever and well-known in the fashionable world, he had received innumerable hints from designing mammas, and the sweetest smiles of encouragement from their eligible daughters; to the first he had always been delightfully gracious, particularly when their advances assumed the form of excellent dinners, but totally indifferent to the latter, scarcely deigning to notice their fresh young faces. With advancing years the dinners and smiles had ceased, but De Verneuil hardly felt their absence—indeed he congratulated himself with pride upon having escaped the many ambushes laid by these daughters of Eve to entrap him. Supremely content in his bachelor bliss, he lived entirely alone in an elegant apartment, as free as a bird upon a mountain top, fellowing his own sweet caprices, amusing himself with what pleased him, and avoiding all that was irksome or tiresome. Shut up secure in his egotistical citadel, which he had built and fashioned with his own hands, he fancied himself the happiest of mortals in existence.

One morning, shortly after Duvivier's visit, as he sat at the window contentedly smoking his pipe, he was tempted by the inviting March sunshine to take a promenade along the boulevard. But the treacherous March sun had deceived him, and before he had gone very far he began to feel chilled beneath his light spring overcoat, while an unwelcome sneeze foretold a cold in the head. Like all egotists, Edmond de Verneuil was painfully careful of his health, so he immediately dropped into a cafe and ordered a smoking hot punch to ward off, if possible, the disastrous effects of the chilly air. While he sat languidly sipping his drink, his eyes rested on a highly colored placard on the opposite wall, representing a series of enchanting views on the Mediterranean, and under them this inscription:

"To the Blue Coast.—Express trains to Cannes, Nice, and Monaco—the journey made in seventeen hours!"

The blue sky, the blue sea, the warm southern sunshine, the gorgeous flowers of Nice, and the perfume of the orange trees, all appealed to De Verneuil's aesthetic fancy. "There, at least," he thought, "I shall be safe from influenza," and immediately he made up his mind to go to Nice. That very night his trunks and valises were packed and strapped by his trustworthy valet, Pierre, and the next morning Edmond de Verneuil strutted about nervously in a luxurious compartment of the Nice express, after having selfishly strewn his hand-luggage over the unoccupied seats, in the hope of securing the entire compartment to himself.

But complete happiness does not belong to this mundane sphere, and in the twinkling of an eye De Verneuil's hopes of solitude were shattered by the arrival of a phlegmatic Englishman, who, without asking any questions and with that impassible air which distinguishes the traveling Briton, deliberately removed the valises and installed himself in their place. The Parisian was tempted to protest but a moment's reflection convinced him that this was bad policy, for he had no right to reserve the entire compartment for his own use. So the crusty bachelor contented himself with an inaudible growl. Hardly had he recovered from his first disappointment, however, when the compartment was again invaded by a handsomely gowned elderly lady, with a sweet, high-bred, patrician face, accompanied by a younger woman whose pale-gray traveling gown set off to advantage her wealth of blonde hair, fair complexion and sympathetic blue eyes, and holding by the hand a delicate boy of five.

A glance at the child immediately told De Verneuil that the little fellow was ill and probably going south in search of health, and while the two women placed him tenderly on the cushions and tucked the light, warm Roman blanket around him, De Verneuil growled again to himself. "A charming voyage I shall have," thought he, "with a phlegmatic Englishman and a sick child!" And in disgust he left the compartment and went in search of another. But he soon returned in a worse humor, for the compartments were all filled. When the train started, the disgruntled bachelor threw open the window to let in the fresh March air, but the pretty woman in gray, in her low, sweet English voice, begged monsieur to close it, as she feared the air was too strong for her little boy, and De Verneuil, with the politeness of a true chevalier, complied with her request.

No sooner, however, had he done so than the Englishman, who sat at the opposite end, opened the window near him. The two women looked imploringly at their countryman, who pretended not to see them. De Verneuil, more to annoy the traveling Briton than to be agreeable to the ladies, deliberately arose and closed it. The Englishman immediately opened it, and De Verneuil, started again to shut it, saying: "Please remember, sir, that we are not in an English camp in South Africa, but in France, where courtesy is shown to women and children—madame fears the air for her sick child, so I hope you will allow the window to remain closed."

The little speech produced its effect, though the gentleman from across the channel did not reply, but contented himself with opening very wide his eyes in amazement that a Frenchman should presume to give an Englishman a lesson in civility. The ladies, of course, were deeply grateful and duly expressed their thanks, and M. de Verneuil returned to his seat, experiencing a delightful sensation which he rarely felt—the pleasure of having rendered a service to others—and, as he resumed his seat in the corner, he began to study the child, who during all the commotion had remained quitely sleeping. The study fascinated him, and he fancied he had never before seen a boy quite so beautiful; the slim, patrician nose and mass of yellow hair resembled the fair young mother, who from time to time, bent over him with an interested expression of suffering on her pure, sweet face, as the baby chest was shaken by a dry cough, which even in sleep did not desert him. De Verneuil felt that he was growing desperately interested in the boy, and, as these thoughts flitted through his mind, the child tossed one of his Roman blankets on the floor, when he rushed forward, picked it up, and tucked it around him. He was amazed at his own tenderness, and began to wonder where it would eventually lead. The ladies again expressed their appreciation in that soft, sweet English voice so much admired on the continent.

At Dijon, De Verneuil left the compartment, and when he returned he brought with him a large box of bonbons, which, with the mother's permission, he offered to the child. The candy delighted the little fellow; he grew animated and the color came again into his pale, emaciated little cheeks as he smiled with pleasure and fixed his great blue eyes on Edmond de Verneuil with that profound depth of expression which children's eyes alone possess and which seemed to hide a world of thought. The bonbons had opened the way for a conversation between M. de Verneuil and the ladies; naturally the child's health became the absorbing topic, and the interested bachelor learned that madame had lost her husband three years before, and that some weeks previous to their journey to France, little Arthur had had a severe attack of bronchitis, which up to date had defied the assiduous nursing of his mamma and grandmother. Therefore he had been ordered by his English doctor to spend the winter at Nice.

"At Nice!" exclaimed De Verneuil, amazed to find the pleasure which the coincidence gave him. "Why, I am going there myself," he said. Just then the train drew up in the Lyons depot, De Verneuil alighted and soon returned laden with picture books for his little chance acquaintance. Arthur was delighted with the colored prints, and after looking at them for some time, suddenly threw his books on the floor and jumping on De Verneuil's lap, put his slender little arms around his neck and kissed him.

"Monsieur is good," he whispered, "and I love monsieur very much, and want him to come and stay at the villa where we are going."

This spontaneous outburst of affection touched a strange chord in the bachelor's egotistical nature. "The boy really loves me," he said to himself; and so, instead of going to a little hotel, as he usually did, he stopped at the same pretty villa as the Barringtons, and every day the handsome Parisian and the pretty little English boy, with his blonde curls flying in the breeze, spent hours together in the warm, sunny beach—and the bachelor was obliged to acknowledge, in spite of his prejudices, that he had never before found Nice quite so pleasant. Though he had not visited the Casino, the theater, or any places of amusement, the days and weeks had flown by pleasantly and almost imperceptibly, and with the mild air and warm southern sunshine his pretty protege, Arthur Barrington, had regained his health, and his little legs had grown strong and round.

A romp was now the order of the day, and one morning as De Verneuil, Mrs. Barrington and Arthur sat in the pleasant sunshine, on the vine-covered veranda, the boy suddenly sprang up from his toys and began to scream and dance. "You see, mamma," said he, bursting into a loud, merry laugh, "this is the way I play American Indian with monsieur."

"But my dear little son," protested the mother, "you are making such a dreadful noise."

"Let him alone, my dear madame," interposed De Verneuil, "I love to hear him scream and laugh, for these are the privileges of childhood." But scarcely had the words escaped him when he recalled his portait of children to Duvivier—and possibly through shame to efface the unpleasant remembrance he caught the boy up in his arms and kissed him passionately.

Arthur laid his pretty dimpled face upon his shoulder, and his piping, child-like voice begged monsieur to remain always with his mamma and grandmother. De Verneuil, usually so self-possessed, felt the color mounting to his face as he cast a furtive glance at Mrs. Barrington, who suddenly appeared to be absorbed in her book. Then in the twinkling of an eye he ran down the garden path, closely followed by Arthur.

That evening a quiet walk beneath the stars settled the entire affair to the satisfaction of all. The child had won, and for this reason Edmond de Verneuil returned to Paris in the bright month of May, accompanied by a fiancee, a prospective son, and a future mother-in-law, as an ardent lover he had few equals, and, the young widow yielding to his pleadings, the marriage was fixed for an early date. Of course he did not attend Duvivier's wedding, for the very excellent reason that he had to be present at his own, but the next day he received from his friend the following note:

My Dear De Verneuil: My warmest congratulations for your masterly stroke; but, between ourselves, I am as jealous as a Moor, for it is not the good fortune of every man to receive on the same day a wife, a son, and a mother-in-law!

Always sincerely yours,
Duvivier.

[Adapted from the French of S. Boucherit for the San Francisco Argonaut by Katharine Marshall.]

Too Indulgent.

Wife.—I don't see why you sneer at Mr. Goodhart because he's so shabby. Clothes don't make the man, you know.

Husband.—No, but his wife's clothes often break a man. I sneer at Goodhart because he's fool enough to be that sort of a man.—Philadelphia Record.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Since Prince George of Greece has been appointed governor of Crete, the country has made progress in every respect. Canea, the capital, is now to be lighted by electricity.

The British cruiser Terrible has established an exceptional record at the recent prize firing by its crew with the six-inch guns. Eighty hits were scored out of 104 rounds fired.

Some years ago, during a tempest, showers of fine sand came from the Sahara and fell on the flat roofs of the houses and the decks of the vessels in the vicinity of Naples.

The African traveler, Sir Hill Gibbons, recently killed in the upper Nile one of the white rhinoceros which were supposed to be confined to the south of the Zambesi, and are nearly extinct there.

The culture of the olive has recently been introduced in South Australia and Victoria, and good crops of fruit are now being obtained, yielding an excellent oil. The industry bids fair to become an important one.

The manufacture of cheese is one of Holland's staple industries, and yet the two Belgian provinces—East and West Flanders—have come to the front in this business recently, and even export some of their cheese to the Netherlands.

The seven hundredth anniversary of the first mining operations in Germany is to be celebrated in the Hartz mountains, at Hettstedt, in Saxony, by order of the emperor, who will visit there the first mine (silver) said to be opened, also Eisleben, a large copper mining center, where Martin Luther, son of one of the miners, was born.

Great Britain, after many years of negotiation about the matter, has finally agreed to permit Russia to send a consul to Bombay. Hitherto the issue of an exequatur to a consular representative of Russia in India has been declined, the British government having refused to admit that the commercial interests of Russia in her dependency were of sufficient importance to warrant a departure of that character.

A STUDY OF ALIASES.

Crooks Generally Stick to One Set of Initials — A Few Instances.

"The aliases adopted by crooks make an interesting study," remarked an old reporter the other evening to a New Orleans Times-Democrat man. an old reporter the other evening. "The smooth professional almost always selects names beginning with the same letters, which enable him to mark his linen, luggage and other effects with one set of initials. This often helps divert suspicion. For example, a man registers at a hotel as 'Brutus B. Blank,' and the fact that his shirts, trunks, hat, watch and umbrella all bear a three B monogram is apt to convince the clerk that he is sailing under true colors. At the next place he is probably Bartholomew B. Brown. The cotton swindler who was recently arrested here was known in New Orleans as W. G. Word, in Memphis he figured as W. G. Williams, and I am greatly in error if the 'W. G. W.' doesn't run all through his escapades. 'H. L. Wiley,' the bogus Cuban 'sugar baron,' who was sent to prison from here about a year ago, had operated elsewhere as 'H. L. Weston,' and his real name turned out to be H. L. Wormser. These are merely instances I recall at random. Men like Channing Barnes, the dead train robber, would have no occasion for any such finesse, because they are in hiding nine-tenths of their time, and there is generally some sentimental reason for the aliases they select. I'll wager there is an interesting story behind the 'Jack Nelson' which Barnes adopted for professional purposes. One of the strangest cases of name inventing within my recollection came to light at Atlanta, Ga., some five years ago. A young man named William Meyers lured a stock dealer, who had just sold a lot of mules, to a lonely ravine on the outskirts of the city, shot him dead and robbed the body. After an exciting chase the murderer was arrested near Cincinnati, and when brought back to Atlanta he insisted stubbornly that he had been nothing more than an unwilling accomplice, and the actual perpetrator of the crime was a man named Brown Allen. The detectives were convinced from the outset that Brown Allen was an entirely mythical character, but the combination of names was rather peculiar, and they were puzzled to know why they should have been chosen. Before the murder, Meyers, who was something of a 'masher,' used to do a good deal of loafing on a certain street corner. One day a detective was standing at the same spot and happened to notice an immense gilt sign over a drug store opposite. It read 'Brown & Allen,' but an intervening telegraph pole hid the '&,' and there, in a flash, the mystery was laid bare. Meyers had no doubt observed the sign unconsciously a thousand times, and when suddenly called upon to invent a designation for his mythical murderer, he fished its image out of the nearest pigeon hole of his brain, and the name 'Brown Allen' came readily coined to his tongue. Meyers was sentenced to be hanged, but he escaped from jail and was never heard of again. That, however, is another story."

The Proper Habit.

Detective—Did your cashier have any extravagant habits that you know of?

Bank President—Well, he was inordinately fond of dress and scrupulously particular about the proprieties in that line.

Detective—Did you see him shortly before his departure?

Bank President—Yes.

Detective—How was he dressed at the time?

Bank President—I can't answer that any further than to say that he wore a cutaway.—Boston Courier.

Voluminous Instructions.

When a little girl packs her gown and a hair brush in a valise, and goes with her father for a short trip, the instructions given him, if bound, would make Shakespeare's complete works look like 30 cents.—Atchison Globe.

IMPERILS THE NATION

Former President Cleveland on Constitutional Limitations.

Deplores Present Policy of the United States Towards Philippines—Dangers of National Greed.

At the sixteenth annual dinner of the Holland Society of New York on the night of January 17 Grover Cleveland expressed in unmistakable terms his opinion of the imperialistic policy of the present administraton. The former president was the center of interest among several hundred guests, and in response to a call for a speech said:

"The cordial welcome you extend to me is exceedingly grateful and comforting, for it gives me a grain of satisfaction in the ordeal that confronts me. I am convinced that the art of making an after-dinner speech without distress is for me a sealed book, and as the years pass I am only saved from complete wretchedness in my efforts in that direction by the kindness and toleration of those who are good enough to listen to me. I cannot resent the charge that I am apt to preach a sermon on occasions of this kind, for I am afraid this accusation is justified.

"It has been my lot to be much on the sober side of life, and to feel the pressure of great responsibilities. Besides, I believe it sometimes happens that an excess of light-hearted gayety creates a condition of popular thought and impulse that may profitably be steadied by sedate suggestions and the expression of conservative sentiment—even though it may be called sermonizing. At any rate, I am quite willing to take an humble place among the sermonizers, in this time of headlong national heedlessness, and to invoke the cultivation and saving grace of Dutch conservatism. This is the kind of conservatism that counts the cost, but for the sake of principle and freedom will disregard the cost; that lays out a voyage by chart and compass and follows chart and compass to the end; that loves the liberty and happiness which rest upon tried and sure foundations; that teaches reverence for national traditions and encourages the people's satisfaction with their country's mission.

"It is the kind of conservatism in which our constitution had its birth and which has thus far been the source of our nation's safety and strength—the conservatism of justice, of honor, of honesty, of industry, of frugality and of contented homes.

"In this assemblage of those who know so well the meaning of these things, the question is suggested whether in present conditions this conservatism characterizes the conduct or guides the sentiment of our people. There can be but one answer to this question. Conservatism has in a great degree been jauntily cast aside, or condemned as opposed to our country's welfare and glory.

"War, even with the world's advanced civilization, may still be sometimes necessary and justifiable, but whether necessary and justifiable or not the demoralization that follows in its train can never be evaded. It teaches bloody instructions, which in a country whose citizens do the fighting cannot fail to leave their impress for a time at least upon public and private life in time of peace.

"Thirty years after the close of the war for the preservation of the union a treaty of arbitration was formulated between the United States and Great Britain which, if completed, would have gone far toward removing every pretext of war between the two countries. Thus these two great English-speaking nations then assumed leadership in the path of peace and in advocacy of the abolition of war, with the hope and expectation that the example would be followed by other nations, and that a more general adoption of arbitration as a means of settling international disputes would result in a great advance toward the abandonment of war throughout the world.

"This treaty failed of confirmation in the senate of the United States. Less than five years passed, and these English-speaking champions of peace and arbitration are still operating on parallel lines—one in the Philippines and the other in South Africa—but no longer for peace and arbitration. Both are killing natives in an effort to possess their lands.

"This indicates a sad relapse, and in our case it is a most serious one. If England succeeds in her attempt in South Africa she will but add another to her list of similar acquisitions; a brave people will have been subjugated. And because of our engagement in a similar venture in another quarter they will miss the expressions of American sympathy which we are accustomed to extend to those who struggle for national life and independence.

"On the other hand, with success in our subjugation effort a new, untried and exceedingly perilous situation will be forced upon us. We can conquer the Philippines, and after conquering them can probably govern them.

"It is in the strain upon our institutions, the demoralization of our people, the evasion of our constitutional limitations and the perversion of our national mission that our danger lies. As a distinguished bishop has said: 'The question is not what we shall do with the Philippines, but what the Philippines will do to us.'

"Our country will never be the same again. For weal or woe, we have already irrevocably passed beyond the old lines. The republic will in some sort be saved. Shall it be only in name and semblance, with fair external appearance but with the germs of decay fastened upon its vitals, or shall it, though changed, still survive in such vigor and strength as to remain the hope and pride of free Americans?

"The problem is a momentous one. Its solution depends upon the extent to which the old patriotism and good sense of our countrymen can be rescued from impending danger. Thus these are sober days for thoughtful citizens—days for preaching, days for sermonizing.

"If we are to be saved from disaster it must be through the cultivation and enforcement of that sort of conservatism that should find a congenial home in the Holland society. In the midst of reckless tumult and in the confused rage of national greed and bloodiness this conservatism should defiantly stand forth and demand a hearing.

"Let it be known that American freedom and popular rule cannot perish except through the madness of those who have them in their keeping, and by the blood and sacrifices of our fathers, by the lofty achievements of the free institutions they established, by our glorious victories of peace and by our reliance on the promises of God. Let Dutch conservatism enjoin upon our people a faithful discharge of their sacred trust."

PRESS PUNGENCIES.

Heed not the blusterer; beware of the silent man.—Chicago Daily News.

Life is meant for laughing; otherwise it hurts too much.—N. Y. Herald.

A man need be shrewd before marrying, lest he be "shrewed" after marrying.—Detroit Journal.

Men have all sorts of ideas, but they agree on one thing—they hate a henpecked husband.—Atchison Globe.

A positive knowledge of what we want would help us to attain some of the ends we strive for.—Indianapolis News.

The philosopher of the Boyne Citizen says: "Train up a hired girl in the way she should go and the first thing you know she has gone."

No matter how good a soloist you may be you will find that very few people like to listen to the music when you blow your own horn.—Brooklyn Life.

People who are very ordinary, indeed, become decidedly interesting when mixed up in a scandal, if it is big enough.—Washington (Ia.) Democrat.

MR. ROOSEVELT'S ADVICE.

Outcroppings of the Vice President Elect's Democratic Ancestry.

Gov. Roosevelt's democratic ancestry cropped out in one of his recent addresses in which he particularly warned the young men of America to beware of envy, covetousness and malice. It is quite evident that the spirit underlying most of the socialistic movements of the day was what he had in mind, for he urged independence of character, self-reliance, energy, ambition and pride as qualities which youth should cultivate in public as well as in private life.

If the vice president-elect were to give his democratic blood free circulation it is probable that he would extend his advice much farther. There are young men in America who are in no danger of making socialistic alliances in politics who are in quite as great need of advice as any who may be contemplating such connections.

In a country like this it is as necessary to advise men not to provoke envy, covetousness and malice as it is to advise them not to harbor those sentiments. If there be a spirit of uncharitableness in America or if the young seem likely to develop such a spirit, we may be very sure that there is a cause for it. That cause Mr. Roosevelt most conveniently ignores.

It is well to advocate self-reliance, independence of character and ambition. it is well to discourage on all occasions the spirit of envy, covetousness and malice, but why ignore the practices in our official life from which these offenses come? It is unfortunately true that there are young men in America as unmistakably born to provoke this spirit as many others are to inherit it.

It is likely to be the case, too, when men see effects and not causes that they misjudge the spirit with which they have to contend. Not all of the opposition to the injustice of the republican party is to be attributed to uncharitableness. Not all of the protests leveled at the republican party's favoritism are to be explained as the outgrowth of envy, despair and helplessness.

There is a very stalwart resistance to injustice in this country which springs from the most worthy motives. It is not the fruit of disappointment, it does not come from resentment, it is not the result of desire to deprive anybody of anything which properly belongs to him. It is an expression merely of a sense of wrong and of a desire to correct the wrong.

When a great political party adopts a policy of outrageous favoritism, deliberately heaping riches upon specially selected interests, and justifies its course by explaining that many poor men are also to be benefited, what can it expect but envy, covetousness and malice, one or all, when it turns out, as it must, that the promise was made to be broken?

When a great political party in the pursuit of its selfish measures in the interest of a small class finally reaches a point where it no longer considers it necessary to apologize for or to excuse its acts on the basis of the public welfare, when its injustices are open and flagrant, without palliation and without explanation, is it to be surprised by the appearance here and there of envy and malice—even of wrath and reprisal?

If there has been deterioration in the character of American citizenship the republican party is responsible for it. It has educated, so far as it was possible for it to do so, a generation of men to look to government for assistance of some sort in making a living. If socialistic ideas threaten to undermine the sturdy independence and the manly self-reliance which once distinguished American citizenship over that of any other country in the world we must look to 30 years of republican error, falsehood and deception for the cause of it.

The economic policies of the republican party have produced most of the political and social delinquents, defectives and incapables who are now causing trouble. They have been taught to lean upon government and not to stand erect. They have been encouraged to drift with and not to pull against the stream. They have been invited to expect something for nothing. They have been led to look to laws for success and not to their own industry and capability. They have been deceived as a matter of course, but their deception is less to be regretted than the corruption of their minds which made them fit subjects for such deception.

It is to be hoped that the time will come when some distinguished republican in high position will be wise enough and bold enough to speak the truth on this subject. To criticise and advise the pupils of republicanism will not avail. A covetous, malicious and probably predatory element, looking in vain for something which it has not earned and which there is no legitimate reason for it to expect, a faction falling easily under the influence of vengeful leaders, even of revolutionists—they do not care for advice. They want plunder.

Gov. Roosevelt may be assured that there will be envy and malice and all uncharitableness among the citizens of the republic so long as the party of which he is a successful leader pursues its present policy. It is making socialists faster than he or anybody else can unmake them.—Chicago Chronicle.

——Some day the people of the United States will be as much ashamed of the mistreatment of Porto Rico as they now are of the Dred Scott decision or the hanging of the Salem witches; but it will not be today, nor yet to-morrow. We must first subject the Filipinos to similar and worse treatment. We must solemnly and deliberately break our plighted faith with the Cubans, and attend to any other little dishonorable duties that come in our way as an imperial power. Thus shall we in time become great and mighty and beloved, with at least two Irelands at our door and the promise and potency of a large discontented India in the far east—just like our dear mother country.—Boston Pilot.

——Two years ago, William E. Chandler publicly said that "the trouble with the republican party is too much Hanna. Mr. Hanna should efface himself in the interests of harmony." Hanna could not see his way clear to do that, but he arranged to efface Chandler.—Albany Argus.

SHIP SUBSIDY CAMPAIGN.

Only Sordidly Selfish Motives Behind the Plan to Levy Extra Taxes.

The champions of the ship subsidy bill now pending in the senate have opened a "bureau," from which it is proposed to issue literature in the interest of the "cause." We are to have an educational campaign, and our would-be educators are going to tell us what a fine thing it will be for us all to tax ourselves in order that men like Griscom and Rockefeller may make more money. It seems to us that this is one of those cases in which publicity is the least to be desired, from the point of view of those who are interested in the proposed grab. The trouble which even now confronts them is that the people already know too much about the bill, its purpose and certain consequences.

We believe that the ship subsidy doctors will find it exceedingly difficult to convince the American people that there are any other than the most sordidly selfish motives behind their movement. They may talk in their large way about the "insignificance" of the bounty asked for, but after all it is $9,000,000 a year which it is proposed to take from the people and hand over to a few men interested in allied corporations which are worth hundreds of millions of dollars. The people understand, too, that in spite of amendments, the bill discriminates unwarrantably in favor of fast passenger steamships, that carry comparatively slight cargoes, and that it was intended so to discriminate, because the men back of it are interested in fast passenger steamships. More than all this, there is a feeling that this government has already gone as far as it should go in taxing the people for the benefit of private industries. Millions and millions of dollars have been expended in this way, and the men who have paid the bills are wondering whether the time will ever come when they can be relieved of the burden they have been carrying for years. They have, on the protective theory, cheerfully contributed to the "creation" of great industries, only to see those industries combine for the purpose of extorting more money from them in artificially advanced prices. When, therefore, it is proposed, after all that has been done, to take each year $9,000,000 of the people's money and hand it over to men who are engaged in the management of great trusts and monopolies, including the Standard Oil company, one naturally wonders whether the thing is ever to stop.

So it seems to us that the ship subsidy bureau will not have an easy job in commending its pet scheme to the long-suffering and heavily taxed American people. The wisest of the republican leaders, those who are really in touch with public sentiment, are opposed to the subsidy, for they not only understand that there is a strong feeling against it, but they see that it is not fair to tax the people for any such purpose.—Indianapolis News (Ind.).

THE WAR TAXES.

Transparent Scheme of Republican Tricksters to Rob the People.

The republicans in congress evidently intend to make a little reduction of the war taxation go a good way. The republican platform promised the people a reduction, but republican platforms are often made to get in on, not to stand on.

The house of representatives has passed a bill which makes a slight reduction, but even this disappointingly small reduction is held up in a senate committee, from which it seems unlikely to emerge. Meantime, the cost of the operations in the Philippines continues at a figure which must eat up a heavy slice of the war taxes.

In addition, the scale of national expenditure is evidently to be lavish. Bills to enlarge the army, to enlarge the navy, to increase the pension list, to grant a civil pension, to grant big subsidies, and to "improve" rivers and harbors everywhere, are the order of the day. Congressmen talk in billions nowadays. The other day a prominent congressman declared that a river and harbor bill appropriating $100,000,000 could easily be passed at the present session, and he wondered at the congressional moderation.

No Dingley tariff will provide for any such amount of expenditures. The Dingley tariff scheme was on the point of collapsing when the Spanish war of 1898 enabled the republican party to impose war taxes and cunningly cover up the failure. By all indications "prosperity" and "expansion" are to be the synonyms, during Mr. McKinley's second term, for a wastefulness and corruption not equaled since the second term of Grant. The republicans are in full power, and Hanna is in the saddle.—Albany Argus.

PARAGRAPHIC POINTERS.

——Mark Hanna's claim that he represents the labor element in working for the ship subsidy bill has a shade of humor that the laboring man will not appreciate.—St. Louis Republic.

——If Mr. Hanna fails to get that ship subsidy bill through, those contributors to his campaign fund, who expected to be more than reimbursed by means of this predatory piece of legislation, may refuse to allow him to have the pleasure of running another president.—Kansas City Times.

——Thomas B. Reed, in his characteristic drawl, propounded this conundrum when in Washington: "If killing 10,000 Filipinos in ten months, as our soldiers are said to have done, is 'benevolent assimilation,' how many must the Spanish have killed in 300 years to warrant us in calling their rule of the archipelago tyrannous?"—Springfield Republican.

——The ship subsidy bill is bad in principle, and it is dangerous even in the methods by which it proposes to put that principle into effect. Unless the senate has more respect for Hanna's political authority than it has for the American people it will keep the subsidy bill where it is and devote the remaining time of the session to the transaction of necessary business.—Chicago Record (Ind.).